O, the Diuell take ſuch coozeners, God forgiue me,
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done yfayth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, bee aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scrope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by rayſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. Hee does: hee does; weele
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No
Then I by Letters ſhall direct yo
When time is ripe, which will be
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and o
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily
To beare our fortunes in our own
Which now wee hold at much v
Nor. Farewell, good brother, w
Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groues
Enter a Carrier with a L
1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not f
Charles-waine is ouer the new C
packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cut
the point, poore Iade is wrung in
Enter anothe
2 *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as d
is the next way to giue poore Iad
ned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſ
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer
roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to bee th
London road for Fleas, I am ſtung
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by th
chriſten could be better bit, then I
2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs
leake in your Chimney, and you
like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bac
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing*
1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turki
ued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on t
thy head? canſt not heare, and

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